

THE MORAL SHOWMAN

A REPORTER'S CHAT WITH BARNUM.

The Romance of Jenny Lind's Marriage—Barnum as an Advertiser—The Frenchman Who Got the Best of Him—Bixby's Best Makes His Appearance.

Phineas T. Barnum, the moral showman, whose name is as well known as that of any living American, is in the city, being on his way from Florida, where he has been for some time, to the city of his health. He is a giant of the stage, and a giant of his health. He is a giant at the Arlington, where a REPUBLICAN reporter found him last evening enjoying the comforts of life in a cozy room. The moral showman's double figure was enveloped in an easy-dressing robe of the old-fashioned New York twenty years ago. The bald pate on his head may have grown a trifle larger, and the tufts of hair on each side grayer. His gentian manner, fund of humor, and thorough love of a good joke, makes him one of the best companions in the world.

"I have been in the city of my health," he really the biggest thing of the kind that ever was," remarked the reporter.

"It is," said Mr. Barnum, "the greatest exhibition that we have any record of." It is, indeed, an exhibition that will be remembered by the people of this country. Their show was the next biggest to mine, and we kept coming together. Our idea was to unite the two and then divide, one show going to Europe and the other traveling through this country. The plan was, you have been carried out, and it may have been for my illness. When I saw that it was impracticable to carry it out, I proposed to Messrs. Bailey and Hutchinson that we should stay together and exhibit in one grand show in this country. They have been very kind to me, and that offer. Then some other showmen said to them: "See here, if you do this you will be ruined. Barnum won't care if he loses \$300,000, or \$400,000. You will lose everything, and at the end of the season you will be ruined." They said that, and I came to me and told me this I said that if they had any doubts I would give them a check for \$150,000 for their share of the profits of the season, and I believed they would then lose \$500,000. Of that satisfied them. They are both men of grit."

"How is the show making out?"

"The receipts during the opening week were \$2,000—about \$7,000 a day, you see. That is a fine start from the new type of the Jenny Lind concert."

"Where is Jenny Lind now?" inquired the reporter.

"Jenny Lind, or Mrs. Goldschmidt, is living in London, and is very well. She is a very good girl, called Phineas. When I was last in London I met her daughter at a photographer's—the royal photographer's—and she insisted upon my seeing her mother. So I went to see her, and had a very

"You are credited with having mastered the art of 'yes-ness,'" remarked the reporter, by way of suggestion.

"Yes," said Mr. Barnum, musingly; "a man stopped me the stairs a little while ago and asked me if he could speak to me a few minutes. He said he had a string of beads, a great many—gold and all that was needed was some man to wear them. I said, 'I don't know a man to wear them, but I'll try to find one for you.'"

"Neither could I," said Mr. Barnum, laughingly. "He is a fine-looking gentleman, tall and good natured. He came in, I saw him, and introduced him."

self as Mr. Bixby—'Bixby's Best,' he said—and told me that he had spent a million dollars like myself in advertising, though his was in a different line of business. He talked on and I was puzzled to know what his line of business was, and finally discovered that "Bixby's Best" meant Bixby's best bleaching. I told him the story then about the bleaching man who had had his sign painted on the pyramid of Cheops in Egypt, "Try Warner's Bleaching, 39 Strand, London." Folks wondered why he put out that ridiculous

sign on the pyramid, as no one who lived thereabouts would be likely to try the blacking. But the man was shrewd and knew his countrymen well. Whenever an Englishman visited Egypt he always wrote back that some Goth had painted "Try Warner's Blacking, 30 Strand, London," on the Pyramid. It got into the papers. The blacking became famous, and people took the advice and tried it. There was a Frenchman—Monsieur—Monsieur—I can't think

of his name, but he used to manufacture pencils—pencils which artists liked very much. He procured a helmet and a very singular costume and rode out in a funny little cart. Stopping in the street, he addressed the people: "I am Le Grande Charlataine—the great humbug of France," he said. "I have been trying to sell these pencils in a little store in a back street, and could not make a living. Now I am going to attract attention to myself. There, now, I will show you what excellent pencils these are:" and he

sketched any on a little card as he talked, and when he had finished exhibited a well-executed caricature of a man who had been standing in front of him. "Only five sous—five sous," and he sold the pencils in the crowd as fast as he could deal them out. He became a well-known character in the streets of Paris, and made a fortune. On my first visit to Paris with Tom Thumb I paid a visit to this man. When I introduced myself he bowed low, and said, "Ah, Monsieur, le roi, le grand roi, le grand roi."

himself said, "Ah, monsieur, I am the Grande Charlataine of France. You are Le Grande Charlataine du Monde—the grand humbug of the world." He confessed that it was a sort of fellow-feeling that had impelled me to call on him. Well, this Frenchman died. I read in the papers about his death. He left 400,000 francs to be distributed for charitable purposes. The papers spoke highly of his many good deeds. A year afterward he reappeared on the streets in the same old costume and caused a great sensation. He had risen from

"I see that you called on the President to-day,"
THE REPUBLICAN ventured.
"Yes; I called there to-day. I like Garfield, and
voted for him. I told him I was not an applicant

for office, and said I was ready to give him either congratulations or sympathy. He said he needed the latter more than the former. Before I left I asked him to come to the show. He said he never missed going to Barnum's show. The children would go, and he would go if possible. He would not, however, say what day he would go."

"Will you be here with the show?"

"Yes; I never advertise a monstrosity unless it happens."

The Farragut Statue Ceremonies.
Orders have been issued by the Navy Department detailing the naval representation at the ceremonies of the unveiling of the statue of Admiral Farragut on the 25th instant. The crews of the following vessels will take part: Vandalla, Alliance, Kearsarge, Portsmouth, Constitution, and Saratoga. The Saratoga is now here, and others are on their way to this rendezvous. The Vandalla, Alliance, and

Kearsarge are of the North Atlantic station. The Portsmouth, Constitution, and Saratoga are training ships. The crews of all these vessels will be organized into a division for the purpose of the review after the vessels arrive here. The details for officers of the division will also be made at that time. The marines on board each vessel will take part in the ceremonies. They, together with the marines at the barracks here, at Norfolk, and at Annapolis, will form a division in the parade. They will be under command of the commander of marines.